

FROM LONDON.

[J. D. Beresford's name is widely known in English literary circles as well as in the vastly larger world of newspaper and magazine readers. It is not so generally known that he practised architecture for several years before he began to write for publication in 1906. With his first novel published in 1911, *The History of Jacob Stahl*, he achieved a big reputation and that, with other early works of his, is still in demand—a phenomenon indeed in these days of best sellers and a season's fame! Of later books *God's Counterpoint*, *Unity* and *The Monkey Puzzle* have been much discussed. His thoughtful and uplifting articles are now among the most notable contributions to those first class newspapers which have lately turned their attention to the better and finer things of life in response to popular demand.

Mr. Beresford has kindly undertaken to write for our pages every month on some phase of the thinking and creative life of Great Britain. Once a Master wrote about the Theosophical Movement that "There is more of this movement than you have yet had an inkling of." Students of Theosophy are apt to fall into the old rut of special claims for revealed books and exclusive prophets. "Neither Jesus nor H.P.B. lived and died that a book or books should be swallowed wholesale, nor even that men should become disciples, but that all men should become brothers," said Robert Crosbie, himself a fine and discriminating student and server of the grand philosophy of Theosophy. One of the aims of THE ARYAN PATH is to indicate the influence of Theosophy in the world at large—in literature, in drama, in social movements, in scientific advance, in religious changes, etc. Therefore we have arranged to notice the work, however unperceived or unrecognized, which is proceeding in various lands and which is Theosophical in spirit and in power. Our readers' co-operation in this department is cordially invited.—EDS.]

The life of a nation rarely finds a true expression in its contemporary literature. The man of letters, if he be an artist, is apt to detach himself from his period. He may be a generation or more ahead of it in thought, or he may find an escape from all that irks him in the manners and customs of his own time by an idealization of the past. There have been notable exceptions. Charles Dickens's ardent portrayal of his own world was just sufficiently ahead of current thought to anticipate and encourage that general movement towards a greater charity and wider humanity that was characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But if the artist is frequently a pungent, even an angry critic of his own times, his work is seldom representative of that secret movement of the nation's spirit which either moves towards its essential development, or plunges it temporarily into a state of apparent retrogression.

Wherefore in this brief initial survey of current Literature and Art in England I must necessarily touch upon much that, however admirable as art, is as detached from the contemporary movement of English thought as were the later plays of Shakespeare from the first beginnings of Puritanism in the reign of James I; and it may, therefore, be well in the first place to indicate what I believe to be the essential development that is actually taking place. I will indicate this very briefly because it does not properly come within my scope in these pages. But it is necessary here if only as a criterion.

As I see the broad influences of present day thought, still moving for the most part beneath the surface of literary, political and social